

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
In a disguise of loue?

It is the lesser blot modestly findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:
What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy clofe:

'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witness (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.
Jul. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thur. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,

Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,

Take but possession of her, with a Touch:

I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.

Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:

I hold him but a foole that will endanger

His Body, for a Girl that loues him not:

I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou

To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,

And leaue her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,

And thinke thee worthy of an Emperesse loue:

Know then, I heere forget all former greeces,

Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,

Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,

Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,

Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, & gift hath made me happy.

Inow beseech you (for your daughters sake)

To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgiue them what they haue committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their Exile:

They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,

And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:

Dispoſe of them, as thou know'st their defects.

Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,

With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold

With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile,

What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:

Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare

The story of your Loues discovered.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to *Silvia*.

Valentine: } the two Gentlemen.

Protheus: }

Antonio: father to *Protheus*.

Thurio: a foolish riuall to *Valentine*.

Eglamour: Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.

Host: where *Julia* lodges.

Our-lawes: with *Valentine*.

Speed: a clownish seruant to *Valentine*.

Launce: the like to *Protheus*.

Panthion: seruant to *Antonio*.

Julia: beloved of *Protheus*.

Silvia: beloved of *Valentine*.

Lucetta: waighting woman to *Julia*.

FINIS.

THE

THE Merry Wives of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Anne Page, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Simple.

Shallow.

Sh. *Hugh*, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *John Falstaffe*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire. *(Coram.)*

Slender. In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and *Shal.* I *(Cosen Slender)* and *Cust-alorum*.

Slender. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne

(Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any

Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time these three

hundred yeeres.

Slender. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't:

and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may; they

may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Evans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old

Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to

man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old

Coate.

Slender. I may quarter *(Coz)*.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Nor a whit.

Evans. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat,

there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple con-

iectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaffe* haue

committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church

and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonement

and compromises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Evans. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there

is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you)

shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a

Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o my life, if I were yong againe, the sword

should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end

it: and there is also another deuce in my praine, which

peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is

Anne Page; which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*,

which is pretty virginity.

Slender. Mistress *Anne Page*? she has browne haire, and

speakes small like a woman.

Evans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as iust as you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fire vpon his death-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrection) giue, when she is able to ouertake seuentene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master *Abraham*, and Mistress *Anne Page*.

Slender. Did her Grand-fire leaue her seauen hundred pound?

Evans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slender. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Evans. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest Mr *Page*: is *Falstaffe* there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lye, as I

doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not

true: the Knight Sir *John* is there, and I beseech you be

ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Mr.

Page. What hoa? Got-please your house heere.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Evans. Here is go't's plesing and your friend, and Iustice

Shallow, and heere yong Master *Slender*: that perad-

ventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to

your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I

thanke you for my Venison Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good

doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it

was ill killd: how doth good Mistress *Page*? and I thank

you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

Mr. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

Mr. Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slender. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard

say he was out-run on *Cotfall*.

Mr. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slender. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:

'tis a good dogge.

Mr. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there

be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *John Falstaffe*

heere?

Mr. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a

good office betweene you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master *Page*.)

Mr. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.